

Miss M. T. Doded.

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

## The Bloomfield Record.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-class Advertising.

Terms: \$1.50 in Advance. Subscriptions Begin at any Time.

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Space.	1w.	2w.	Im.	3m.	6m.	12m.
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THE RECORD is not a pretentious, or mere advertising sheet, but has a bona fide Subscription List Circulation. Therefore its value to advertisers is not visionary and hypothetical, but always certain and reliable. We do not employ a sliding scale of rates. As seen above, the publisher is not afraid to print an advertising tariff based on the actual circulation of the paper. Advertised outside of Bloomfield, wishing to place their business before the people of our town and vicinity, should avail themselves of our catalog, which affords the best, most reasonable, reliable and satisfactory method.

THE RECORD PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT is complete in every appointment, with New Materials, presses, etc. We are prepared at all times to do Good Work Promptly and at City Prices. Please favor us with your orders.

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POST OFFICE, Broad Street, H. Dodd, P. M. Mails arrive at 8:45 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Mails close at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. Letters Registered for any P. O. Money Orders issued, Stamped Envelopes, News Wrappers, etc.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fremont Street, Rev. H. W. Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Services Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 1½ P. M. Sunday School after Morning Services.

CHRIST CHURCH, Episcopal, Liberty St., Rev. Mr. Daniel, Rector. Services Sunday 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday School 2½ P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, On the Park, Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday School after morning services.

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GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. J. Erscholl, Pastor. Services Sunday 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Franklin St., Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10½ A. M. and at 7½ P. M.

WATERSIDE M. E. CHURCH, Services on Sunday at 10½ A. M. and at 7½ P. M.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays in each month, over Madison's Market.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES—Ira Campbell, Residence, Washington Street. Office over Madison's Market.

JUSTICES COURT—Over Madison's Market. Wm. R. Hall, Justice.

OVERSEER OF POOR. J. M. Walker, Residence, Morris Place.

### Scissors.

—Good bread is often much kneaded.

—High art—Painting a church steeple.

—Good news for fish-eaters—Herring's safe.

—If a small boy is a lad, is a big boy a ladder?

—The fastest city in the world—Electricity.

—Judge a man not by what he has on him, but by what he has in him.

—It is more blessed to give than to receive, but it is much more difficult in these times.

—They define the poesy of Hon. Morrissey as a long pool, a strong pool and a pool a stilt together.

—"Darwin's Darlings" is the suggestive name of a newly organized negro-minstrel troupe at the west.

—The troublesome visitor who has been shutting the doors after him all summer now begins to leave them open.

—Mr. Tilden is unmarried, and an Ohio woman advises him to get married. She probably thinks he needs a Governess.

—Why is a bell of an omnibus like a man's conscience? Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

—Congresses who look most after their individual interests' when in Washington should take rooms on "P" street.

—A smart young man may feel flattened at being called a chip of the old block, but when solid timber is wanted the old block is best.

—An evening paper says that a sea captain has "experienced the accident of a broken leg." Hope will realize a convalescence soon.

—A spectre carpenter, who saws and hammers and does other thing incidental to his trade, is making the owners of a house in Richmond, Va., very miserable.

—An inebriate man, walking along the street, regarded the moon with sovereign contempt. "You needn't feel so proud," he said, "I am the full only once a month, and I am every night."

—A little girl, reading the "History of England" with her mother, and coming to the statement Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said: "What did he do when he was tickled?"

—A gentleman was examining an umbrella, and commented upon the fine quality. "Yes said a person present, 'she fancies everything he sees.' "And," added a third party, "is inclined to seize everything he fancies."

—Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon, and entered the house and took off her things as coolly as if she hadn't been gone over a day.

—"I have come for my umbrella," said a lender of it on a rainy day to a friend. "Can't help that," said the borrower, "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence: "yes, but—but—what am I to do?" "Do!" said the other, as he opened the umbrella and walked off, "do as I did—borrow one."

### PROVING HIS WORDS.

"Uncle Coleman, I'm going to marry Lucia Frothingham!"

"Eh? What?"

Uncle Coleman put down his newspaper, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and glared at his nephew.

"Going to marry Lucia Frothingham!" he cried, after gasping awhile in sheer dismay. "You idiot!"

"Thanks," was the cool reply. "I know you do not admire the lady, but where there is a strong mutual love—"

"Strong mutual niddlestick!" interrupted Uncle Coleman, contemptuously. "You may love her; she is pretty and fascinating, but what she loves is your bank account, my boy. I knew it would be so when your Aunt Jenny left you a cool hundred thousand. But boys will be boys. Only, for goodness sake, wait a year or two before you saddle yourselves with a wife."

"I am twenty-one, sir" (with an immense air of dignity.)

"And I am sixty-four! Now, Frank, do your reason. Lucia Frothingham is a fascinating woman, touching the thirties, if not already over the line—a finished flirt and as mercenary as she is pretty. I know her, and I tell you her affection is centered upon your Aunt Jenny's legacy, and the half million in prospective at my bankers."

"Uncle Coleman," cried his nephew, hotly, "I never thought of it, much less spoke of it."

"I don't suppose you ever did. Having always an independent income, I don't think you ever counted on a dead man's shoes. Miss Frothingham was educated in the hard school of genteel poverty, and a rich husband is the prize for which she has studied and toiled, for—well, say ten years. She was in society before you were done playing with tops and marbles!"

"Uncle Coleman, you are speaking of my betrothed wife, remember."

"Hem! Years are of no consequence where there is true love."

"Hem!"

"And I love Lucia as she loves me."

"Not a bit of it."

"To-morrow she goes to Saratoga, and if you can spare me I will go too."

"And the business in Hartford? I should advise you to attend to all matters belonging to your aunt's estate as soon as possible, Frank."

"It may keep me in Hartford a month," said Frank, disconsolately.

Coleman Burke looked with a pitying affection at his young relative, such a boy yet in many matters, though he had reached man's estate."

"A mouth that may settle your whole fortune," he said. "Remember men do not fail heir to a hundred thousand dollars more than once in a life-time."

"I suppose I must go."

"It will be best. Besides," added Uncle Coleman, dryly, "it will be a good test of your lady-love's constancy!"

"I am not afraid of her forgetting me," said Frank, loftily.

"You are actually engaged?"

"Certainly! I bought a diamond ring at—yesterday, and put it on her taper finger last evening."

"Hem! Well, the fool-killer hasn't been here lately, that's certain. There, be off and let me finish my paper in peace. You will go to Hartford?"

"Yes."

But after his nephew left him, Coleman Burke let his paper lie idly upon his lap, while he fell into a fit of musing, often interrupted by impatient ejaculations. He was a man, as he had said, past sixty, and had been a childless widower for thirty years, while four little graves besides that of his wife, recorded the heart history of his life.

When he had lived lonely and a sincere mourner for many long years, his brother and wife died, leaving Frank, a curly-headed boy, to the care of his Uncle Coleman. All the long-sealed fountains of love in the desolate heart opened to pour out their affection upon the child. He was truly the very sunlight of the old man's existence, and though his manner had been cynical, his heart had been sorely wrung by the announcement of the engagement, but not from any paltzy jealousy, or any mercenary motive. Had Frank loved a true, tender woman, she a beggar, his uncle would have given her a parure of expensive canes for her acceptance.

"A letter from Frank! Coming to-day!" mused Mr. Coleman Burke, reading an epistle handed in at his door. "Surprised to find me away from home. Hopes I have seen his dear Lucia in a kinder light than the one I had previously had. [em—yes—well.]"

And so Mr. Burke mused and muttered as he donned his most exquisite suit, his most dazzling necktie, and fastened a bouquet in his button-hole.

The pale face vanished. Uncle Coleman, with a ceremonious bow, took his departure, while Lucia Frothingham went into genuine hysterics on the sofa.

Uncle Coleman joined Frank on the porch, and linking his arm in his nephew's, said kindly:

"Forgive me the pain I cause you, for the love I bear you."

"I thank you," was the reply. "You have saved me a life of misery by showing me a mercenary woman's treachery. I shall never feel any emotion but gratitude that you proved your words."

She was perfectly well last evening when I took her for a drive!"

"You?"

"Certainly. You do not suppose I have failed in attention to my future niece, do you?"

"You like her better than you did," continued Frank, pleadingly.

"See here, Frank," the old man said, suddenly wheeling round from the glass to face his nephew. "I have a bargain to make with you. If, within one hour, I prove Lucia false, mercenary, and a traitor to her promise to you, will you give her up? Stop! If she is true, loving and faithful I withdraw my harsh words, and will give her the love I always hoped to give your wife."

"But how can you find out?" said the young man, astonished at his uncle's energetic proposal.

"It is you who are to find out!" I am already satisfied! You are to go to the center window of the small drawing-room, on the east porch, and listen to a conversation I am to have, by appointment, with Miss Frothingham."

"Eavesdropping."

"Never mind that grand air of contempt. I am to have my way for just one hour, and you can take yours afterwards for a life-time. Will you go?"

"If you say so."

"Go, then."

Just a little later Miss Frothingham, all smiles and white muslin, sailed into the east drawing-room to greet her elderly admirer. With an air of deepest devotion he raised her hand to his lips and greeted her with a flowing compliment.

A week later all the fashionable at the C— Hotel, Saratoga, knew that Coleman Burke was intending to take a wife. What bird first bore the news upon the scented air no one could have told you, but there was no lack of information about the elderly bridegroom in perspective. Everybody (that was anybody) knew that Coleman Burke had retired from business years before, worth half a million of money, and had made fortunate investments since. That he was decked in fashion's latest styles, wore diamond studs and ring, carried a switch cane, drove a fine team and occupied expensive rooms at the hotel, all could see for themselves.

"I presume," he said, in a low, tender tone, "You are at no loss to guess the reason why I have ventured to summon you here. You must have understood the meaning of my intentions. Need I tell you how dear you have become to me? Need I speak of the love you have inspired?"

"You are so kind," she murmured.

"I am contemplating a speedy return to the city, and I wish to arrange for the wedding, if I can obtain any expression of your wishes. Do you object to an early day?"

"Any day will be supremely blest," she said, softly, "that makes me your wife."

"My wife! Bless my soul, my nephew told me—"

"Oh! Mr. Burke, you do not imagine I have incurred that boy!" With an accent of most magnificent scorn. "He is an amiable young fellow, and I have been kind to him. But love between myself and a boy of that age is simply preposterous."

"I am aware that the disparity of

"My dear Mr. Burke, do not speak of that. To me there is a dignity and nobility about a man who has passed middle life that can never be attained without the experience of years. Believe me, your having a slight advantage of me in age will but increase my respect, and detract nothing from my affection."

"You are only too kind. Then I may tell Frank that you—"

"Why talk of Frank? Surely you may choose a wife without your nephew's interference!"

"I choose a wife! My dear young lady, what are you talking about? I have no intention of seeking a wife."

"No—intention—of—seeking a wife! Have you not just made me an offer of marriage?"

"Not at all," was the cool reply. "I was under the impression that you were